

What Does Recycling Mean to Me?

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In a future not very far, when man realizes that his days are numbered and that he can't do anything, he will understand that one day he had the solution in his hands, but regrettably, he never used it. Either by not caring or not realizing the consequences of his actions.

Yesterday, I had a nightmare that made me reflect. I found a different environment, and I left to refresh my mind and cleanse my body, but something wasn't right, because my skin began to get dry and my sight began to cloud slowly as if I had a lethal disease. My lungs began to stop, and little by little I began to feel like my life was escaping me. But the most serious thing wasn't that, but the fact of knowing that I wasn't going to return to that fresh place; the one where I could breathe and feel the pure air inside me. The one where in which I wouldn't have to be clothed, but contrarily with a naked body and soul to contemplate the beauty of nature; the one where I wouldn't be afraid, but where I would feel myself. The one where the children of my children could enjoy the world as I once had. Suddenly I awoke, ran to the window of my house, and gave thanks to life for what I saw because fortunately, it was a nightmare and no more, although in a moment the skies began to darken as I realized that this nightmare wasn't so distant from reality.

The doubts and questions confronted me, and at that moment only, one word came to my mind: Recycle. A word that was so full of solutions but at the same time so far from our hands; it depends on us. It can be the answer to all of our problems. Who other than us, taking the solution in our hands?

The fish are dying, the waters continue to become more contaminated, many species are becoming extinct; and let's not forget the plants that are disappearing, and the diseases that can't be treated when they disappear.

Man is always thinking of this future, right? This is the key to success: the explosion of intelligence about the wounded belly of our earth, with people knowing from cradle to grave that recycling is important. And so it is for me, recycling means salvation, the salvation of not dying and of not living in a world that's been forever converted to a garbage can. Only the future can tell, but in the meantime, little by little we continue to kill off life, and without realizing that this nightmare is becoming reality.

Let's all recycle!